



1875.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS." 86

Society pictures

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SOCIETY PICTURES

BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

CHICAGO:
CHARLES H. SERGEL COMPANY.

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—BY—

GEORGE DUMAURIER

author of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson."

CHICAGO:
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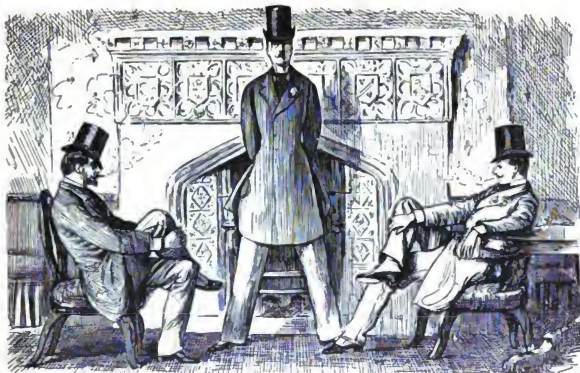
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AFTERNOON TEA.

1873.

STUDY OF A BASHFUL MAN, WHO HAS PRIVATELY TOLD AN AMUSING STORY TO THE HOST, AND HAS BEEN REQUESTED BY HIM TO REPEAT IT ALOUD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY. WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT THE WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN, HAVING MANAGED TO STAMMER THROUGH TWO-THIRDS OF HIS ANECDOTE (WHICH IS RATHER LONG), HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT HE HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE POINT.



ALARMING SCARCITY

SCENE—Club Smoking Room.

1874.

First Young Swell. "Aw!—GOING ANYWHERE!"

Second Ditto. "No!—ASKED TO TEN 'HOPS' TO-NIGHT! THE IDEA HAS COMPLETELY FLOORED ME!"

Third Ditto. "BY JOVE! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF LETTING MYSELF OUT AT TEN POUNDS A NIGHT. A FELLOW MIGHT RECUPERATE HIMSELF FOR A BAD BOOK ON THE DERRY."



1875.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS." &c.

(SCENE—Mrs. Lyon Hunter's Drawing-Room, during a Lecture on "Women's Rights.")

Modest Youth (in a whisper, to *Young Lady* looking for a Seat). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, MISS WILHELMINA?"

Young Lady. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO, MR. JONES."

Modest Youth. "HAW! IN THAT CASE OF COURSE I NEEDN'T GIVE YOU UP MY CHAIR?"



AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

1876.

"DON'T MOVE, DARLING!—I'M SO COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD IS SO SOFT!!"



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

1877.

(Herr Pumpernickel, having just played a Composition of his own, bursts into Tears.)

Chorus of Friends. "OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?"

Herr Pumpernickel. "ACH! NOBING! NOBING! BOT YEN I HEAR REALLY GOOD MUSIC, ZEN MUST I ALWAYS WEEP!"



1877.

A DIFFERENT THING.

Paterfamilias. "ULLO, SMYTHE! IS THAT YOU? HOW ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW! HOW MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE, EH? SO JOILY FOR A FELLOW TO BE ABLE TO BATHE WITH HIS OWN FAMILY, YOU KNOW!"

Captain Smythe (winfully). "HAW—YES—OR ANOTHER FELLOW'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW."



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

1878.

Angelina (suppressing an inclination to yawn). "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN!"
Edwin (after yawning elaborately). "YE-E ES!--OR EVEN SOME ENEMY!"



HYPERCRITICISM.

Grace (whispering). "WHAT LOVELY BOOTS YOUR PARTNER'S GOT, MARY!"

Mary (ditto). "YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE SHINES AT THE WRONG END."

1879.



THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

1000.

Sir Gorgius Midas. "HULLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YEE GONE TO?"

Head Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGUS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE BOTHER FOOTMEN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED——"

Sir Gorgius. "'THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED,' DID THEY! A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, INDEED! SO THAT IF I'D A 'APPENED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY SEEN YOU FOUR TO LET US HIM, MAY!"



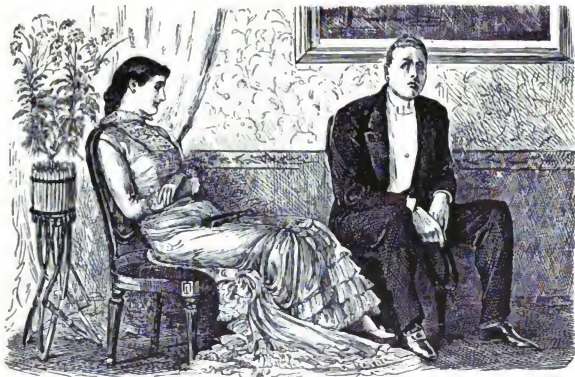
RIVALS IN SOCIAL SUCCESS.

1860.

SCENE—Staircase of Ducal Mansion. *The Duchess at Home. "Small and Early."*

Mrs. Jones (a new Beauty, with more surprise than pleasure). "WELL, I NEVER! MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!! AND NOW CAME YOU HERE!"

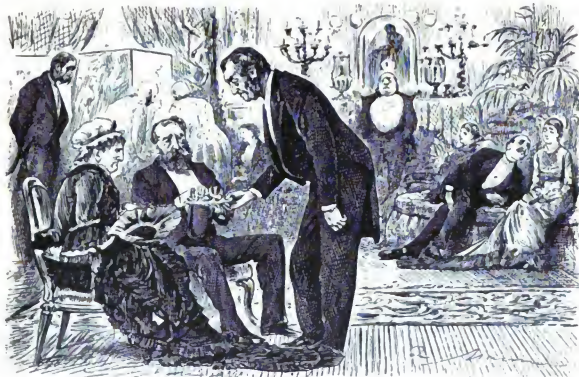
Mrs. Robinson (a still newer Beauty). "WE DROVE, DEAR MRS. JONES. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ON FOOT!"



BREAKING AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

1890.

Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful Youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago). "AND NOW LET US TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!"



A BUTLER'S REVENGE.

1861.

Lady Mulas. "Well, Rivers, what are these?"

Rivers (who has received warning). "THE DECANTER STOPPERS, MY LADY. JUST AFTER THE GENTLEMEN LEFT THE DINING-ROOM TO JINE THE LADIES, SIR GORGIOUS LOCKED UP THE DECANTERS, AS US'AL, BUT HE FORGOT THE STOPPERS; SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER BRING 'EM UP TO YOUR LADYSHIP!"

[And before His Grace, too, who has at last been induced to accept an invitation!]



A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

1001.

Jones (who is of an inquiring mind).

"AIN'T YOU GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'THAT IS THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIEK!'?"

Miss Belsie (a Professional Beauty).

"OH, NO. I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'IS *THAT* THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIEK!'?"



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

1861.

Algernon (to his Sisters, his Cousins, and his Aunts). "MY DEAR CREATURES, IF YOU WANT EQUALITY AMONG THE SEXES, YOU MUST LEARN TO BE INDEPENDENT OF US, AS WE ARE OF YOU. NOW WE MEN LIVE CHIEFLY TO PLEASE OURSELVES FIRST, AND THEN EACH OTHER; WHEREAS YOU WOMEN LIVE ENTIRELY TO PLEASE US!"



COMFORTING.

1882.

Proud Mother. "DID YOU EVER SEE ANYBODY SO LIGHT AND SLENDER AS DEAR ALGERNON, JACK?"

Uncle Jack (ret. thirty-five). "OH, YOU MUSTN'T TROUBLE ABOUT THAT, MARIA. I WAS EXACTLY HIS BUILD AT EIGHTEEN!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

1892.

WHAT! ALL THAT, FOR GRANDPA?"

"No, DARLING. IT'S FOR YOU."

OH! WHAT A LITTLE BIT!"



MISPLACED AND UNCALLED-FOR CONFIDENCES.

1002

Festive Host (who has been told by his Wife to make himself agreeable). "UNCOMMON BLOW, ain't it, SIR POMPEY! FACT IS, MY WIFE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE RATHER FUN TO ASK ALL THE BOKERS WHO'VE ASKED FR, AND GET 'EM TO MEET EACH OTHER, AND PAY THEM OFF IN THAT WAY, YOU KNOW! AND SHE DID, BY JOVE! AND THE BEST OF IT IS, THEY'VE ALL COME!!!!!!"

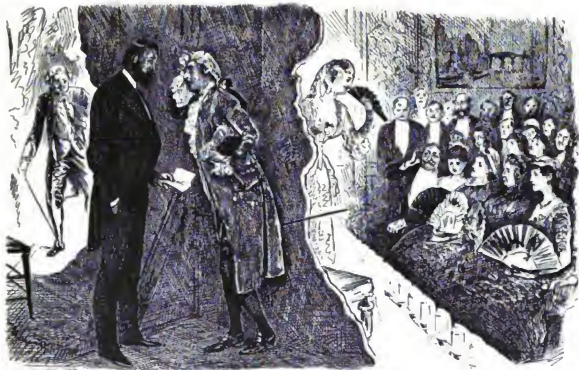


THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

1882

Musical Maiden. "I HOPE I AM NOT BORING YOU, PLAYING SO MUCH!"

Enamoured Youth. "OH NO! PRAY GO ON! I-I'D SO MUCH SOONER HEAR YOU PLAY THAN TALK!"



THINGS TO BE LIVED DOWN.

1002.

Distinguished Amateur (much pleased with himself as the Wicked Marquess). "PHEW! WELL, I WASN'T SO FERT' BAD, OLD MAN, WAS I?"
Author (Prompter, Stage Manager, &c.). "WELL, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW BAD YOU CAN BE!"



A TIMELY CAUTION.

1663.

Jack. "YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF YOUR HAIR, EFFIE! REMEMBER THAT AT ANY MOMENT IT MIGHT ALL BE TAKEN OFF THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, AND STUCK ALL OVER YOUR FACE, LIKE POOR MAJOR PRENDERGAST! MIGHTN'T IT, AUNT MATILDA?"



A FAIR RETORT.

1883.

Mrs. Mountjoy Belawia (after several collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Oxbridge ex-crusier). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHTY MEN THAN ONE WOMAN ANY DAY!"

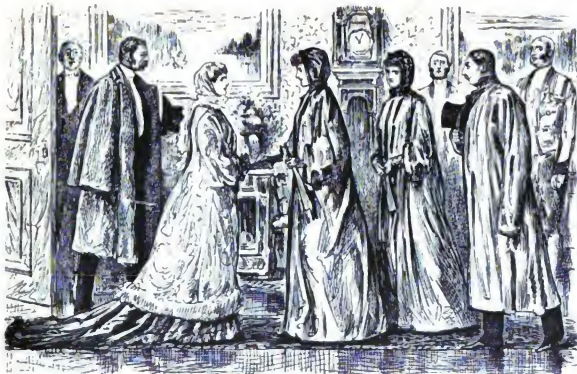


A FELT WANT.

1883.

Eligible Young Aspirant. "AND DO YOU REALLY APPROVE OF GYMNASTICS FOR YOUNG LADIES, MRS. FREENDERGAST!"

Proud Mother. "I DO, INDEED, MR. MILDWAY, AND ALWAYS HAVE. I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS NOT ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS THAT COULDN'T KNOCK DOWN HER OWN FATHER!"



OVERDOING IT.

1863.

"WHAT! GOING ALREADY! AND IN MACKINTOSHES! SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WALK!"

"OH, DEAR NO! LORD ARCHIBALD IS GOING TO TAKE US TO A DEAR LITTLE SLUM HE'S FOUND OUT NEAR THE MINORIES—SUCH A FEARFUL PLACE! FOURTEEN POOR THINGS SLEEPING IN ONE BED, AND NO WINDOW!—AND THE MACKINTOSHES ARE TO KEEP OUT INFECTION, YOU KNOW, AND HIDE ONE'S DIAMONDS, AND ALL THAT!"

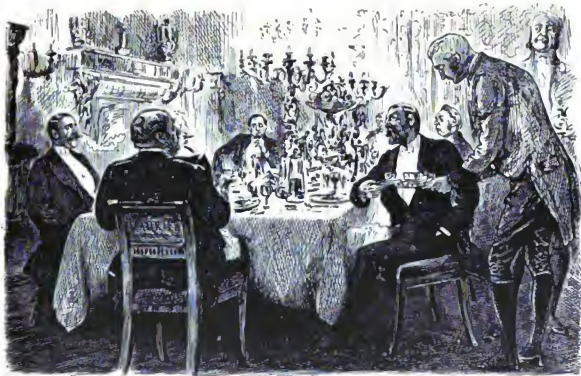


THE MAIDEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

1863.

Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her Brother to the Play, and is full of it). "BUT WAS THERE NO LOVE IN THE PIECE, THEN?"

Maud. "LOVE? OH DEAR NO, MAMMA. -HOW COULD THERE BE! THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE, YOU KNOW!"

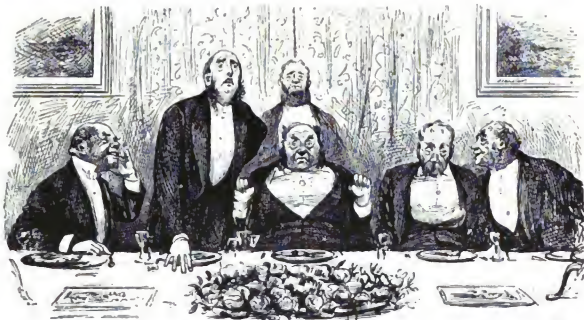


PLEASANT!

1883.

Lord Reginald Sandenier (in answer to confidential remark of his Host). "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF PLATE ON THE TABLE, SIR GORGIUS! I WONDER YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF BEING ROBBED!"

Sir Gorgius Midas. "ROBBED, MY LORD! GOOD 'EVENS! I'M SURE YER LORDSHIP'S TOO HONNERABLE HEVEN TO THINK OF SUCH A THING!"



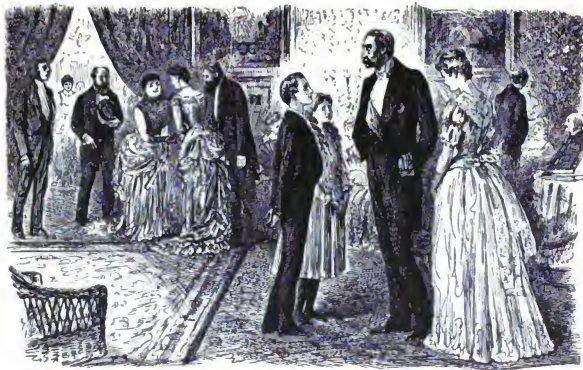
ARCADES OMNES. "SIR GORGIUS MIDAS IN THE CHAIR."

1863.

Toast Master. "PRAY SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR SIR POMPEY BEDELL!"

Sir Pompey Bedell. "SIR GORGIUS—AND—GENTLEMEN——"

Grigby (aside to Pensonby de Tompkins). "AHEN, A VERY PROPER DISTINCTION!"



FAME.

1884.

(The Quarter of an Hour before Dinner.)

Son of the House (to the Hero of the Day). "ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE WILLIAMSON?"

General Sir Archibald Williamson, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c. "THE WILLIAMSON!"

Son of the House. "YES; FRED WILLIAMSON, YOU KNOW, WHO JUMPED FIVE FEET SEVEN AND THREE-QUARTERS AT OUR SPORTS THIS TERM!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

1884.

(*Mrs. Penwoby de Tomkyns at Home—"Early and Late."*)

Mr. P. de T. (to the Waiters). "WOULD YOU MIND, ONE OF YOU, BEING SO VERY KIND AS JUST TO GIVE ME THE LEG OF A FOWL, OR SOMETHING. I'M—I'M THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."



CUTTING.

1884

Edwin. "THESE CONFOUNDED FRENCH DUFFERS DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE, ANY!"

Angelina. "NOT AS YOU SPEAK IT, LOVE! BY THE WAY, I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU ALWAYS TO SPEAK FRENCH IN FRANCE, WHEN YOU HAVE ANYTHING OF A CONFIDENTIAL NATURE TO IMPART TO ME BEFORE THE NATIVES! SO MANY OF THEM UNDERSTAND A LITTLE *English*, YOU KNOW!"



IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO BE WELL-INFORMED.

1864.

Sir. "WHO'S MY SISTER'S PARTNER, *VIS-À-VIS*, WITH THE STAR AND RIBBON?"

He. "OH, HE—AR—HE'S SIR—SIR—DEAR ME, I FORGET HIS NAME—BUT, YOU KNOW, HE WENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER TO LOOK AFTER THAT SCIENTIFIC FELLER—WHAT WAS HIS NAME?—YOU KNOW, WHO WAS LOST OR SOMETHING, OR ELSE KILLED BY SOMEONE!"



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR!"

1884.

Lady Circe (who is rather tired, and wants to sit down). "IF YOU ARE REALLY SO DEVOTED AS YOU SAY YOU ARE, SIR CHARLES, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SHOW YOUR DEVOTION."

Sir Charles (of the Grenadier Guards). "TELL ME! OH, TELL ME!"

Lady Circe. "WELL—YOU CAN TAKE THAT NICE OLD LADY DOWN TO SUPPER, YOU KNOW—AND THEN I CAN HAVE HER CHAIR!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1885.

UNDER PRETENCE OF THROWING A REFLECTED LIGHT ON THE FACE, THAT RISING YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER, FIBSON, ALWAYS PROVIDES HIS SITTER WITH SOMETHING SO PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT SHE NEVER GETS TIRED OF SITTING (I.E. STANDING). THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY HIS PORTRAITS ALWAYS HAVE THAT SYMPATHETIC AND THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPLATIVE SERENITY.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1895.

She. "WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING MY LAWN-TENNIS SHOES IN YOUR POCKETS, MR. GREEN?"

He. "I'M AFRAID MY POCKETS ARE HARDLY BIG ENOUGH, MISS GLADYS; BUT I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO CARRY THEM FOR YOU!"



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON...

1885

(SCENE—Grand Hotel, Loustennardville super-Marc.)

He. "I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not quite catch the name——"

She. "Miss Fitz-Mostmorency."

He. "Thanks, thanks! What a pretty name! And so uncommon!"

She. *Naughtily*. "Did you think I was called Jones?"

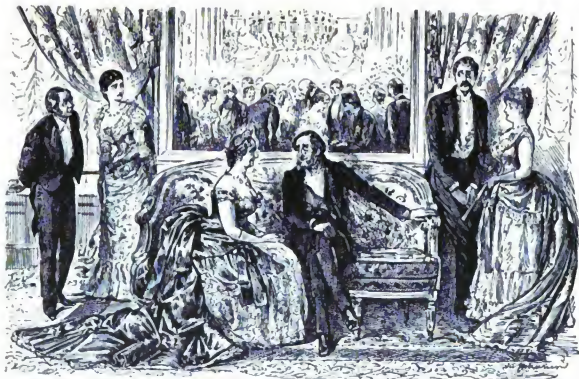
He. *Feebly*. "A—pardon—but—er—my name is Jones!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1885.

Mrs. Smith (FORTISSIMO, to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Signor Hammerlonga is fond of surprising his Audience). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MONTH'S WARNING ON THE 6TH!"



AMONG THE TRITONS

(The Duchess of Stillon at Home—Small and Early.)

1085.

Mrs. Minnow (indignantly, to her husband). "LOOK, LOVE! MR. AND MRS. STICKLEBACK, OF ALL PEOPLE! TO THINK OF THOSE STICKLEBACKS BEING HERE!"

Mr. Minnow. "YES, LOVE! AND TO THINK OF THEIR BEING THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE ROOM WE KNOW!"

[*Mr. and Mrs. Stickleback are saying precisely the same things of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. Minnow.*



EXTREMES MEETING.

1885.

The Major (to Nephew, who wants taking down a bit, he thinks). "WHAT! YOU HERE, PERCY! AIN'T YOU RATHER YOUNG TO BE GOING TO BALIA!"

Percy. "WHAT, AND YOU HERE TOO, UNCLE! WHY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP THIS KIND OF THING LONG AGO!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE BARITONE.

1865.

"*UMNIBUS HOC VITIUM EST CANTORIBUS!*"—HORACE.

"DO ASK YOUR HUSBAND TO SING, LIZZIE!"—"I WILL, IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO ASK HIM TO LEAVE OFF!"



THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

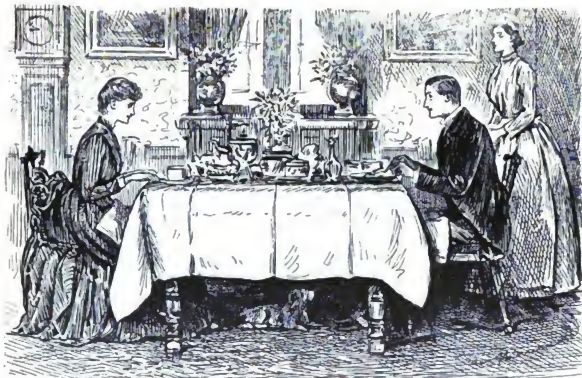
Street Arab (to Doctor, who has just been taking his temperature). "AH, SIR! THAT DONE ME A LOT O' GOOD, SIR!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1666

James (whose sense of humour is quite abnormal). "OH, BY THE WAY, I MUST TELL YOU A FUNNY THING ABOUT SMITH—SUCH A FUNNY THING!—TOO FUNNY!! YOU'LL ALL DIE OF LAUGHING WHEN I TELL YOU!!!" [Tells them. Nobody laughs a bit.]



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

1886.

Edwin. "I'VE JUST FOUND A SHOT IN MY BIT OF THE PARTRIDGE!"

Angelina. "HOW ODD! SO HAVE I. POOR THING—THEY'VE HAD TO SHOOT IT TWICE!"



"LA POLITERSE DU CŒUR."

1898.

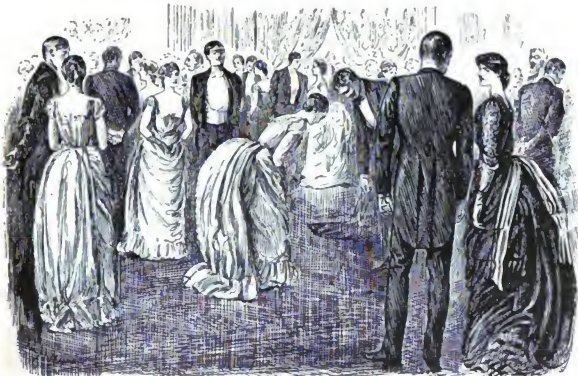
Mamma (after disact). "ALICE DEAR, LET US HEAR YOUR NEW SONG." *Alice.* "I'M AFRAID OF DISTURBING DR. SCHMIDT, MAMMA."
Herr Schmidt (waking up). "ACH! DO NOT MIND MR. I WILL TAKE MYSELF AWAY FROM ZE ROOM!"



WHY, INDEED?

1895.

"MAMMY, DEAR, OUGHT ONE TO ASK, WHEN ONE DOESN'T KNOW A THING?"——"YES, DARLING, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU TO."
——"THEN, WHY DID YOU MARRY PAPA?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

She (to her Partner). "DO YOU LIKE THE LANCERS?"

He. "YAS, IT'S SO JOLLY TO BE ABLE TO DANCE WITH ANOTHER FELLOW'S PARTNER, YOU KNOW!"



TRUTHS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEFT UNSPOKEN.

1006.

Hostess. "WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR SISTERS, MR. JONES?"

Mr. Jones. "NO; THEY COULDN'T COME, MRS. SMITH. THE FACT IS, THEY'RE SAVING THEMSELVES FOR MRS. BROWN'S DANCE TO-MORROW, YOU KNOW!"



AN EYE FOR ESSENTIALS.

1896.

Mamma (Hous-hunting for the Season). "IT'S A GOOD HOUSE FOR A DANCE, EMILY!"

Emily. "THE ROOMS ARE RATHER SMALL, AREN'T THEY?"

Mamma (who knows how Matches are made). "YES; BUT WHAT A CAPITAL STAIRCASE!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1886

"LOOK, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—a DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME WARN YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH YOU, DEAR, INSTEAD!"



"HERE'S A HOW-DY-DO!"

1787.



1907.

1907.

(A Chapter on the Evolution of Deportment.)



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

1867.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"

Fair Debutante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"



1807.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—A VOCATION!

Eva. "I SUPPOSE THOSE EXTREMELY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN ARE THE STUDENTS, OR HOUSE-SURGEONS, OR SOMETHING!"

Maud. "NO DOUBT. DO YOU KNOW, EVA, I FEEL I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE A HOSPITAL-NURSE!"

Eva. "HOW STRANGE! WHY THE VERY SAME IDEA HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE RECITER.

1887.

Brown (pointing to next room). "THAT'S NOT THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE A PARTY GO OFF!"

Jones (pointing to himself). "BY JOVE! IT'S THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE THIS PARTY GO OFF! TA-TA!"

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A CAUTION TO LADIES.

(Beware of those Treacherous Game Fans.)

1867.

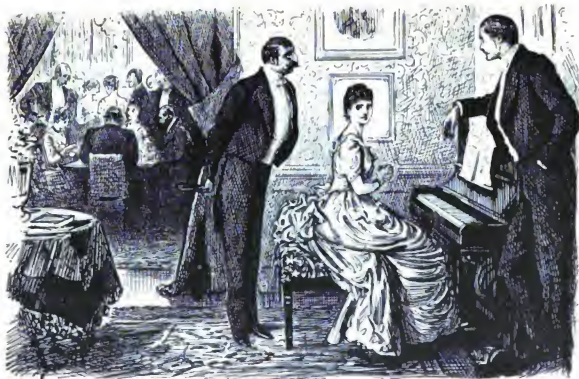
Sir Pompey Bredell. "WELL—A—NOW THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT MY CONVICTIONS ARE WITH REGARD TO THE IRISH QUESTION, I WILL PROCEED TO—BUT—A—I AM REALLY ALMOST AFRAID I BEGIN TO PERCEIVE—A—THAT MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT FAIL TO AROUSE YOUR INTEREST, MISS MASHAM."



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Guest. "WELL, GOOD-EVE, OLD MAN!—AND YOU'VE REALLY GOT A VERY NICE LITTLE PLACE HERE!"

Host. "YES; BUT IT'S RATHER BARE, JUST NOW. I HOPE THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN A GOOD BIT BEFORE YOU'RE BACK, OLD MAN!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

Major le Marchant. "How charming!—a—so delightfully played!—a—such a lovely composition!—a—I only heard the last few bars—a—but it was quite enough!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887

She. "NO! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"

He. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU!"



FEMININE PERVERSITY.

1080.

Aunt Betsey. "I wonder, JAMES, AT YOUR ENCOURAGING YOUNG CADBY TO BE SO MUCH WITH MADELINE! HE'S A BAD MATCH, AND NOT A GOOD FELLOW, I FEAR!"

Papa. "CONFOUND HIM, NO! I'VE GIVEN HIM CARTE-BLANCHE TO COME WHEN HE LIKES, AND SHE'S GETTING RATHER TIRED OF HIM AT LAST, FOR I'M ALWAYS CRACKING HIM UP!"

Aunt Betsey. "AND THAT NICE FELLOW, GOODENOUGH? HE'S NEVER HERE NOW!"

Papa. "NO; I'VE FORBIDDEN HIM THE HOUSE, AND WON'T EVEN ALLOW HIS NAME TO BE MENTIONED. SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF HIM IN CONSEQUENCE. I'M IN HOPES SHE'LL MARRY HIM SOME DAY!"



AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

1888.

Effie. "GEORGE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND 'WIFE!'"

Mr. Mitcham. "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

Effie. "WHY, GEORGE SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGE SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGE SAID, 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"



FOND AND FOOLISH.

1888.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "DARLING!"

Angelina. "YES, DARLING?"

Edwin. "NOTHING, DARLING. ONLY DARLING, DARLING!"

[Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

"OH, I AM SO PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. M'GRUMP! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR WORKS FOR EVER SO LONG—THE LAST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, I AM SURE!"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY WORKS FOR THE LAST *FIFTY* YEARS, MADAM!"



1893.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

The Duchess of Beljambe. "THAT'S MY COSTUME FOR THE DANCE IN THE THIRD ACT—RATHER COLD IN THIS WEATHER—BUT IT'S FOR THE POOR CROSING-SWEEPERS' WIDOWS' HOME, YOU KNOW! ARE YOU COMING TO SEE US, CAPTAIN DE BOOTS?"

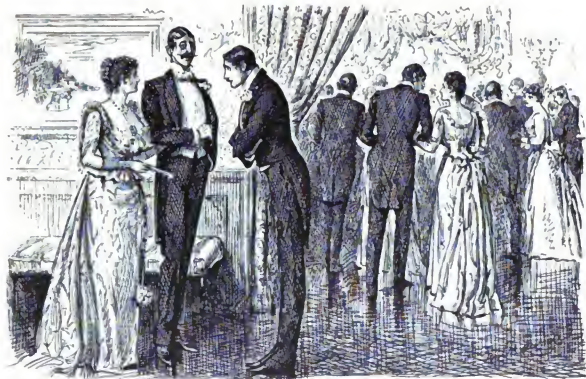
Gallant Hussar. 'HAW! HAW! I SHOULD THINK SO, DUCHESS—RATHER! WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! BRING THE WHOLE REGIMENT! FETCH 'EM AWFULLY, THAT THIRD ACT WILL! HAW! HAW! HAW!"



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

1000

His Lordship (vociferously with the rest). "BRAVA! ETCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"
(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

1009.

Digby. "I HAD HOPED FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MASHAM!"

Rigby. "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"



A SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS

Fair Visitor. "THERE'S THAT LOVELY WOMAN AGAIN. I WONDER WHO SHE IS!"

M. le Baron (an experienced observer). "MADAM, I THINK SHE MUST BE A *ENGLISH DUCHESS*, BECAUSE SHE IS VER PRETTY, SHE DRESS VELL, SHE SPEAK 'NEED HER NOSE, SHE SAY, 'YOU BET,' AND SHE TALK ABOUT *DOLLARS AND CARS!*"



NEMESIS.

1886.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1869.

Fair Hostess (who is proud of her popularity). "YES; I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NOT A DOOR-BELL IN THE WHOLE STREET THAT'S SO OFTEN RUNG AS MINE!"

Fair Visitor. "WELL, DEAR, I HAD TO RING IT FIVE TIMES!"



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

The Miss Browns "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL COLDS, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!"

Fair Visitor. "OH DEAR, HOW SAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, MR. BROWN!"



KINDLY MEANT.

1889.

(SCENE—A Dance at the Portman Rooms (late Madame Tussaud's).)

Ingenious Musker (to Ancient Chaperons). "AW—I SAY—AWFULLY DREAUGHTY HERE, DON'THERKNOW. WON'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE 'CHAMBER OF HORRORS'!—THEY'VE GOT A STOVE, AND YOU'LL FEEL SO MUCH MORE AT HOME THERE, DON'THERKNOW!"



HARDLY CONSISTENT.

1889.

Brown (to Smith). "UGH! THERE GOES JONES, AS USUAL, WITH A CROWD OF ADORING DUCHESSES HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM! HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIUS TOADYING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"



A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?" *American Lady.* "I GUESS NOT." (*To her Daughter.*) "SAY, HELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?"
Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERT'NLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LILE-THREAD STOCKINGS!"
(American Lady is convinced.)



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1890.

"OH, I SAY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D RUN UPSTAIRS AND HUNT FOR MY AUNT, AND BRING HER DOWN TO SUPPER. SHE'S AN OLD LADY, IN A RED BODY, AND A GREEN SKIRT, AND A BLUE AND YELLOW TRAIN, WITH AN ORANGE BIRD OF PARADISE IN HER CAP. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MISTAKE HER. SAY I SENT YOU."

"AWFULLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT—A—I'M TOTALLY COLOUR BLIND, YOU KNOW. JUST BEEN TESTED!"

[Red in hurry.] by Google



INFELICITOUS QUERIES.

1890

He. BY THE BYE, TALKING OF OLD TIMES, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT OCCASION WHEN I MADE SUCH AN AWFUL ASH OF MYSELF?"

She. "WHICH?"



"FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

1890.

Jones (after a delightful walk). "AND NOW, MISS BROWN, LET US GO AND SEEK SOME REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1890.

Fair Hutton (to Mrs. Mankam, who is looking her very test). "HOWDYDO, DEAR! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SO TIRED AS YOU LOOK!"



MISUNDERSTOOD!

1860

(Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood.)

Daughter of the House (anxious to introduce Partners to each other). "Is your CARD QUITE FULL MR. M'SAWNEY!"
Mr. M'Sawney. "OH DEAR, NO! WHICH DANCE SHALL I GIVE YOU?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

James (nervously conscious that he is interrupting a pleasant tête-à-tête). "A—I'M SORRY TO SAY I'VE BEEN TOLD TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER, MISS BELSHIRE!"





